

OUR DUMB Animals

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PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to twelve lines.

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"When I'm Gone . . . "

LAST week we were in Emergency Room #1 at our Angell Memorial Hospital watching a dog being put to sleep. He was an old dog, partially blind and gray-whiskered, but showing every evidence of having had excellent care—but now, the time had arrived to depart this world. A white-clothed nurse was holding the dog while it sat on the table and, as her hand gently stroked the animal, she could be heard quietly talking to it. On the other side of the table, Dr. Schnelle deftly and gently performed his task with utmost skill, and almost before we realized it, old "Mike" had entered eternal sleep. There was no struggle—no outcry—no pain—and, very importantly, no premonition.

We have never liked to watch such scenes, but we were there because an old friend and member of our Society had requested our presence. During the last ten years, Mike's owner, a charming, elderly widow, often came to see us—usually after Mike had received his regular check-up at the Hospital from Dr. Schnelle. She was in the habit of telling us just before she left the office, "When I'm gone I want you to have Mike put to sleep, and I would like you to be present when it is done."

Last week, her task on earth ended. That is why we were in Emergency Room #1—in the performance of an unpleasant but nevertheless very important duty. Our late member knew we would be there—knew Dr. Schnelle would be gentle and kind—knew our Society would be glad to render this last service, in grateful appreciation for all she had done for us, morally and financially, during the many years she was a member.

We are writing these lines after just returning from "Hillside Acre," our Society's animal cemetery in Methuen, where Mike now rests, not very far from where our own "Smokey" is buried. We have a feeling our late friend somehow knows we did exactly what she wanted.

E. H. H.

Our Letter Box

Thank You

I AM enclosing a clipping from the *Ashland (Ohio) Times-Gazette* of a little article I wrote about your magazine which I thought you would like to see. I hope the little article will do a lot for your splendid organizations, and that it will meet with your approval. With best wishes for your continued success in the benevolent and marvelous work you are doing, I am.

—Jeannette Culbertson
Society Editor

We are so proud of the article written by Miss Culbertson that we are taking the liberty of reprinting it in this column, as follows:

"Each month there comes to the editorial desk of the T-G a magazine: a fascinating, delightful little magazine which holds the eager attention of all lovers of animals and children; in short, of all those who have that sweet, redeeming virtue which cleanses the soul and heals the spirit—a love of God and all His beautiful handiwork.

"It is *Our Dumb Animals*, published by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. This magazine comes to rest each month on the society desk . . . and it suddenly came to us as an inspiration: If we liked and enjoyed this publication so much, why wouldn't other people do the same, if they knew about it? Besides being filled to the brim with fascinating stories of animal intelligence, heroism, and unusual creatures and facts, it has pictures to delight the heart and fancy of every child, and bring delight and charm to old and young alike.

"It occurred to us that any child would be made richer, and would be very proud to have this book to look forward to every month. What better gift could a child have than to actually have a magazine subscription of his own to come to him, and then to find therein such charm, such fascination, such a store of knowledge, such a lesson in character building and the bringing out of all that is gentle, kind and loving in his nature?"

The Dog-Door

By J. Denton Robinson

IN the ancient church at Mullion, Cornwall, England, which dates from the 14th century, is a beautifully made door which is curiously interesting on account of its having been constructed for dogs as well as people.

It has a piece cut out at the bottom so that dogs can enter and leave the building without the main door being opened. Years and years ago several churches had these doors for the dogs, but there are very few of them that have survived the ravages of time. The churches that had them were usually near extensive pasture lands and were really for the convenience of sheep dogs attending service, whose staying-power was not that of their masters.

Many of the churches, too, had their whips and tongs with which the appointed person expelled stray dogs. The tongs were very long and heavily made instruments that could be used with better effect than the hands when it came to having to deal with a fierce animal. In the 18th century the "dog-whipper" sometimes received additional remuneration "for his trouble and pains in waking sleepers in ye church and keeping children quiet."



Cat Chat

By Evelyn Gustafsson



Is Your Cat Healthy?

AFTER long experience, cat owners acquire a sixth sense about their animals, and know almost instinctively when something is wrong. It's possible to become so accustomed to the normal behavior of your cat, that you will immediately notice any change.

A cat may catch many human diseases, and a few that are cat diseases only. I'll mention them from time to time, but always with this very important warning: A good veterinarian is the best diagnostician! Call him as early as possible, if anything seems wrong.

But don't be alarmed by the thought of illness. A well-cared for cat is seldom sick. Common sense in feeding, keeping your cat away from cold and from drafts, and especially keeping him away from diseased cats who might infect him, plus a little training of yourself in the art of recognizing early symptoms, are your best insurance against trouble.

A cat who is healthy has regular habits. He sleeps, washes, plays and eats at regular times. Don't be surprised if he changes one habit for another. But notice any unusual change in his daily routine: It just might be a symptom of illness.

A healthy cat plays every day. He purrs if petted, and often for no apparent reason at all. He promptly eats the food you put down for him, and looks forward to his meals eagerly. He sleeps in a relaxed position, lying on one side (not on his stomach, with his feet curled up under him! That, if it persists, is a warning signal.) When he awakens, he stretches, and yawns. He washes every day. His hair is glossy and soft. He is alert, responsive and good-natured.

The absence of these signs of good health are danger signals, warning you to call a veterinarian at once. But when you are used to recognizing the evidences of good health, you need waste no time in unnecessary worry.



Our Most Valuable Animal

By John C. Macfarlane

MANY years ago, before the era of the machine, the cow was expected to produce only enough milk to feed her calf and enough additional milk to supply the family needs for milk, butter and cheese.

Not so today! A good cow, weighing a thousand pounds, will give many times her own weight in milk each year. One famous Holstein champion, "Carnation Ormsby Madcap Fayne," holds the world's record for milk production with nearly 42,000 pounds of milk during a single year, more than 53 quarts a day!

In one year, an average dairy cow, weighing a thousand pounds, will eat, in addition to her pasturage, 6,300 pounds of silage, 2,700 pounds of alfalfa hay, and 1,700 pounds of grain. She drinks about eight gallons of water each day.

Not only has this noble animal, and all too often abused servant of mankind, aided in no small way in the building of our empire, but she has kept pace with the times and is today providing a most important part of many items which are manufactured—items that help to keep America the most bountiful land on the face of the earth.

A little less than 25,000,000 cows are producing 120 billion pounds of whole milk annually. Of this number, 58 billion pounds supply our milk and cream requirements, 62 billion pounds being used as *manufacturing milk*.

From this enormous quantity of milk, American industry used the following

amounts to manufacture these items:

1.2	billion pounds—cheese.
.75	billion pounds—sweetened condensed milk.
3.	billion pounds—evaporated milk.
1.4	billion pounds—butter.
125	million pounds—whole milk powder.
353	million pounds—cottage cheese.
8	million pounds—animal feed.
19	million pounds—school lunch programs.
845	million pounds—non-fat dry milk.
59.5	million pounds—processed meats.
18	million pounds—casein.
600	million pounds—whey.
1.8	million pounds—paints.
1.25	million pounds—plastics.
2.7	million pounds—adhesives.
39	million pounds—lactose.
313	million pounds—miscellaneous.
9	million pounds—paper coating.
274	million pounds—bakery products.
556	million pounds—ice cream.
12	million pounds—confectionery sugar.
9	million pounds—soups.

Large quantities of milk are used for growing penicillin.

A single quart of milk contains the following:

.56%	albumin
.72%	mineral
4.94%	sugar
2.87%	casein
3.74%	fat
87.17%	water

And all these, plus 523 vitamin G units.

Yes, the dairy cow is truly a hard-working animal and she deserves far better treatment than she is receiving. In addition to all the above, the nation's dairy herds are supplying 42% of our country's beef needs. Many of these animals, having reached a point in life when their milk production falls below the estimated profit level, are sold for human food and the handling they receive is often rough and downright brutal. They are prodded, kicked, overcrowded in trucks, and occasionally mistreated by railroads, with the ever-present human desire to "rush"—following them all the way from the farm to that last stop where all too infrequently they are dropped unconscious by a single blow on the head with a hammer before their throats are cut.

To stop our shameful abuse of livestock and our subsequent economic loss, we are bending every available effort. The amount of suffering we are able to prevent, will depend upon the amount of man-hours we are able to devote to the field which, in my opinion, is the most important one in the entire humane movement.

With more and more of our Agricultural Colleges teaching the humane handling of livestock, the need for better equipment, and the tremendous waste involved in "rushing" farm animals from place to place, we are, I believe, on the right road at last.



Story-Book Garden for Animal Waifs

Photographs by Tamara Andreeva



IN the story-book garden of Miss Rosalie Budington, of Santa Monica, California, reside a limitless assortment of animals whom she has befriended and who live in peace together in their little village.

Miss Budington now devotes all her time to animals—not just happy animals, but little waifs who have strayed or been abandoned by their former owners, and are in need of a home. Her lovely garden is a resting place for many birds of passage, of sparrows wounded by careless slingshots, of stray cats and dogs, and even stray turtles. She thinks the animals must spread the word around that food and shelter are available in her garden.

The amazing thing is that all these strange animals reside in perfect harmony. It is as though they realize that they must not jeopardize their stay in comfortable quarters.

In her garden, little houses have been built for permanent inhabitants and guests. One of her special guests is "Carita," a turtle. She found it dying on the desert and brought it back to life. Of course, the number of animals varies, but she never has fewer visitors than twelve, counting birds.



ALTHOUGH "Miss Cellany," the cat, has been with us more than five years, she has never been as dear to me as the other animals on the farm. Perhaps this is so because she came to us a cat full grown, and having given her affection to a former owner, she had none left over for us. She never cared to come into the house or to be petted—in fact, as she grew older, she'd growl and switch her tail when picked up.

Except for "Mr. Blue," she paid little or no attention to the other animals unless they crossed her—then she'd bare her claws and make fur fly. But with Mr. Blue it was a different story. He was her friend and playmate. If he got too rough, she'd simply climb the nearest tree. The only times she purred was when Mr. Blue washed her face or ran his teeth in a massage-like movement up and down her spine.

When kittens came, as they did much too often, Mr. Blue alone was granted the privilege of close inspection. Let one of the other dogs or cats venture inside the maternity ward, and it was sent about its business with a bloody nose and cries of pain. Even I, who carried meals to her twice a day, was given a hostile glare that promised trouble if I tampered with her offspring.

And so, because of lack of gratitude on Missy's part and the ever-present task of finding homes for her kittens, I decided to give her away when the opportunity presented itself.

The man who wanted her, owned a dairy fifteen miles away. I knew him to be a man who treated his pets kindly, so putting Missy in a cardboard carton, I wished her well with a farewell pat.

Mr. Blue was on hand when Missy started for her new home. and I could tell by his expression of anxiety that he was concerned and not at all pleased with the arrangement. But there still was "Tom," Missy's grandson, and "Punk," the new kitten he'd highjacked, so I didn't expect he'd grieve long for the older cat.

I can't say that I really missed Missy. When I thought of her at all, it was to remember that she had a good home, and that her kittens, up to a reasonable number, would be welcome. As for Mr. Blue, I couldn't tell. At other times when Missy was away, he'd look high and low for her. Now, he seemed to sense that she was gone for good, and that he might as well be philosophical about it. Or maybe he knew something I didn't know—maybe he knew that he had only to bide his time and everything would be all right.

Weeks passed—five of them—and then one night I was awakened by a series of plaintive meows just outside our bedroom window. Mr. Blue, who was in another part of the house, heard it, too, and began whining and scratching on the kitchen door.

"What's the matter?" Jack asked, to which I replied sleepily, "Cats. Somebody probably abandoned a kitten and it has found its way here." And then ordering Mr. Blue to bed, I turned over and tried to sleep. But Mr. Blue had no intention of sleeping. He wanted out immediately, and threatened to wreck the door unless served.

Again the "meow" came and suddenly I was wide awake and out of bed before you could count three.

Mr. Blue almost knocked me down in a mad rush to be first to greet the prodigal.

"Here Missy!" I called. She came at once, but it was plain that it was Mr. Blue whom she was glad to see. She rubbed against him, her tail erect, her back arched, all the while emitting sounds that spoke of weariness and a gladness to be home.

"Mr. Blue"

and the Prodigal

by *Ina Louez Morris*



Missy looks on jealously, while Mr. Blue scratches the duck's back.

I opened the kitchen door and for the first time she came in willingly, rubbing against my legs and purring as I warmed a cup of milk.

She drank slowly, looking up every now and then as though to say that being home was better than all the tidbits in the world. When she had finished, I carried her to Mr. Blue's bed and stood there a moment, watching them cuddle down for the rest of the night.

"Missy's back," I told Jack, finding a warm place on his shins for my cold feet. "How she made it, I don't know, but one thing is certain. If she cared enough for Mr. Blue to travel fifteen miles to rejoin him, she'll have a home here as long as she lives.



The proud mother and her erstwhile "midwives."

Blessed Event, Unlimited

By Neal Barham

YOU have heard of mothers leaving their children on doorsteps and running away, but here is a story of a mother who stayed. We refer to "Mama Dionne," a strange white and black spotted mongrel that visited our Seabee camp one Sunday on Espiritu Santo, the largest island of the New Hebrides group.

She eased herself into a laundry box on the rear porch of a quonset hut at 6:30 A. M. At 8:30 the same morning she had company—five puppies that came to dinner.

Before church time, one blind offspring joined our island-wacky gang. One hour later, three more were fed, washed and rolled over by the attentive parent. When it appeared that "that's all, there isn't any more," Mama hopped from the box, strutted over to officers' country, thought better of it, came back to the crib and the fifth—a black puppy just made the boat. They answered muster to three whiteys, a gray boy and a blackie.

Hut No. 21 was known as the official maternity ward of CBD No. 1029 and the big, tough "midwives" therein were congratulated on the excellent care they gave the newcomers. While Mama was in labor, she was bothered by flies. One thoughtful mate covered the box with mosquito netting. Later, a special gift of soft cloths and rags was acquired for the canine family. That evening, the proud parent of pup quintuplets had

herself a feast: Steak, carrots, bread, steak, ice cream and STEAK.

Visitors passed by from dawn to dusk. This was a new CB experience. Many marvelled at the wonders of nature. "Queenie," a neighborly dog, tried to peek in to see how it was done, but "Ma" objected—it was a military secret.

Another time when she thought that enemy claws were near she charged a strange trespasser with all the fury of a mother protecting her young. It was just "Scuttlebutt," the little SPDC pet next door. Kenneth Magill effected the rescue and reassured Mama that everything was all right.

Tacked on the crib next day was this memorandum:

MEMORANDUM:

From: Occupants of Hut No. 21.
To: DIONNE, Mrs. (or Miss as the case may be.)
Subj.: Commendation.

1. For successfully bringing into this world, and mothering them to the best of her ability, five (5) healthy and lively pups, "WELL DONE."

Lawrence R. Holly, SIC
MAA—Hut No. 21
By Direction

Quoting Mama: "It was tough going, fellows, but I made it. Thanks for the use of the hall (bark! bark!)"

Crime and Punishment

By Watson Berry

RYSE BROTHERS, of Edinburgh, were heavy importers of Canadian sheep and lambs in the '70's. To show their appreciation of their agreeable dealings with Berry Brothers, who had shipped to them many cargoes of Glengarry lambs, they sent to that then foremost firm of drovers a handsome collie who had been trained in the Scottish traditions. We called him "Scot."

Scot learned from the firm's Newfoundland shepherd the road from St. Regis to the market town of Lawrence, on the Ogdensburg and Lake Champlain Railroad. He knew every cross-road and every fence gap in that twenty miles and could easily and alone, except for a boy driving behind, handle a flock of 250 sheep and deliver them safely into one of the village pastures owned by the firm of drovers. Scot exuded happiness on those journeys. He knew the ways of sheep, how they could break away from the highway and dash through fence gaps. But Scot anticipated them by hopping over fences and racing through fields alongside the highway to the gaps he knew. There he stood, tongue out and evidently laughing at his charges. He leaped into fame in Glengarry and the North Country and was known by name to every resident of the region that came to be known as the "In Between Land." He was almost too good to be true.

"That dog is not getting enough work," said his owner one day on his return from the Boston Live-stock market. "A boy or a dog who doesn't have plenty of work is generally headed for mischief."

Scot's favorite look-out was an open window in the hay mow where he could watch the sheep awaiting shipment. There came a lull in the sheep business and soon farmers ten miles away began finding sheep carcasses in their pastures. When Scot was found one morning at his lookout window, muddy, dirty and exhausted, he was suspected. A watch was set and our beloved Scot was caught at his sheep killing ten miles from home. His owner paid the farmers for their losses and Scot's lookout was closed. He was in jail and was full of contrition.

He was kept locked up until a new supply of sheep came over from Glengarry, when the lookout was opened again. Scot understood perfectly what it all meant. He stayed at home and never again offended.



A baby deer made homeless by a forest fire.

Forest Fire Menace

By Fern Berry

THE damage caused by forest fires throughout the nation each year is incalculable. Innumerable animals and birds of the wild die as a result of these holocausts, many of them preventable.

While forest fires are not as bad as they once were, still, acres and miles of forest land are burned over despite the best of fire fighting equipment and the untiring work of the crews of fire fighters. Baby deer, for instance, are often victims in these tragic burnings. They may be burned themselves, or they may be orphaned, their valiant parents dying in an effort to save their young. Many such orphan babies are picked up and saved from starvation by foresters or conservation officers. A fawn will soon adjust itself to being fed by bottle until it is well and strong enough to be liberated.

One example is of an orphaned fawn who found its way to a small hamlet in wooded country and there begged for food. It was fed twice daily from a bottle by the owner of the local inn. So dependent was the youngster that it returned, unafraid, for its feeding twice each day at almost the same minute.

Nine out of ten of such conflagrations are man-caused. They could be prevented by proper caution on the part of the public, and animals, along with valuable timber, could be saved to augment the resources of the nation.

Making "Ginger" a "Top Banana"

By Catharine T. Manning

IN VAUDEVILLE days the comedian, to whom lines were fed by the others in the act, was given top billing and titled "top banana."

In the theatre this must be regarded as an honor as today on Broadway, a play by that name is a hit. Dogs do not see it that way. When our old dog retired from active duty, and attempted to pass on her various chores to her successor, "Ginger," the young dog resisted and refused such top billing. It takes the two dogs now to go through with an act. One feeds the lines and gives the cues. The other complies, but both get rewards as their just dues.

While Ginger was now a year-old cocker spaniel, we had never tried to train her. From the day she arrived, our Irish terrier had been in full charge of her. Ginger, who was "Coppie's" devoted shadow, never knew we were around anyhow and never complied with any order we might give her so that we had to relay everything to Coppie in order to get the pup to mind us. However, when Coppie decided that at twelve a dog could expect to retire, the problem came up of teaching Ginger her chores. Coppie cooperated, but even she couldn't do it alone. Their attitudes differed. One had a "show me and I am happy to oblige" manner, while the other sat back with a "show me and I'll let you know later what I decide" attitude. Later the answer would be "no, I think not." My patience being short anyway, Coppie would wind up doing the chores after a fruitless session of trying to reason with a stubborn cocker.

It was a piece of Kleenex that did the trick, plus some psychology on the part of the terrier. If one piece fell to the floor, Ginger would pounce on it and happily shred it to bits, running the length of the house as she did so. It then fell on Coppie to pick up the pieces, stand up and hand each bit to me. One day she declined. She insisted she could not see the bits of paper. She'd look around in puzzled fashion, walk over them, grin up at me, and then stalk over other pieces. Ginger, in the meantime, was blissfully shredding the bigger pieces.

For fifteen minutes then, I coaxed the

cocker to hand a wad to me. She'd leap up with it in her mouth and just as I thought I had it, spit it out. It would land on the floor. Finally, she was a trifle slow getting one out—I nabbed it and thought she had deliberately given it to me.

Going out to the kitchen, I pulled down the box of dog bones and gave each dog one. About a month later, my husband asked Ginger to pick up his sock and give it to him. She did. Coppie sneezed and danced around him. Then she started for the kitchen with Ginger brushing against her tail in her eagerness to get there first.

"They both get a bone," I called to him. "Coppie gets one, too? How come?" We had, first of all, never used the reward system to train Coppie. She was too eager to learn whatever was wanted of her.

"Coppie made such a fuss over Ginger when she finally handed something to me that Ginger has been willing to repeat the stunt ever since. She does it just to please the old dog."

I had to explain that Coppie hadn't picked up a thing since that time and unless she got something, too, she might resign from her job as overseer. For that reason she gets bones, too!



Ginger sits up pretty while Coppie cues her in the background.



Marine Mascot

HERE we chronicle in pictures a few incidents in the life of an English Bulldog, mascot of the United States Marine Corps.

As "Jiggs," himself, says:

"Sure, I'm an English Bulldog—with some of the most aristocratic blood in the British Isles' world of dogdom flowing in my veins.

"But I enlisted in the Marine Corps—about as American an outfit as you could find anywhere.

"Of course, I'm not the first English Bull to serve with the Marines. My great-grandpappy, "Jiggs I," enlisted in 1922, when General Smedley D. Butler and his Marines were fresh from the battlefields of France.

"That's how this whole thing started. During the bitter fighting at Belleau Wood, the Marines fought with such ferocity that the Germans named them Teufel Hunden—Devil Dogs. Guess that explains how Jiggs and the rest of us bulls joined the Corps.

"And I don't envy any dyspeptic pekes and scrofulous scotties with their satin pillows and bon-bons. I've got the best masters in the world. And the proudest initials after my name: U.S.M.C.D.—United States Marine Corps Dog."



At the tailor's shop I was measured and fitted for uniforms — a thing but

Marine. But it was worth the ordeal when I saw what they

Jiggs growls at the bugler from the safety of his dog house. He hates to get up when reveille is sounded.

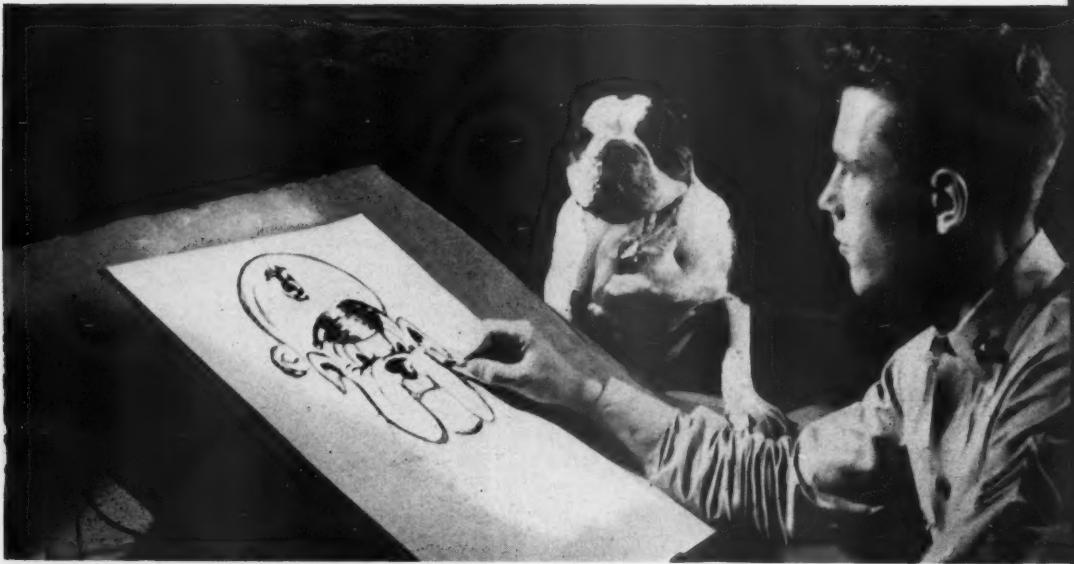


I'm really in the Marines, you know — complete with serial numbers, record books, "man" tags, rates and uniforms. Here I am being sworn in by the recruiting officer at my new base. As you can see from the expression on my face, at this point I was still just goin' along with the gag. But by the time he'd finished reading the oath to me, I knew he meant business.

PHOTOS THROUGH THE COURTESY OF
UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS



— a long but necessary part of becoming a real
I saw what they had issued me.



I'm always accommodating and ready to help out any of my buddies when they need me. I guess I should draw the line somewhere, though. There are limits — like the time I consented to sit while some Marine artist recorded my features for "preposterity." I certainly barked my disapproval when he had finished. I ask you, now, "Does that look like me?"

As part of the sharpest military outfit in the world,
I have to stand inspections like any other Marine.
That's Lt. General Franklin A. Hart, at that time
commanding general of Quantico, giving me the
once-over.

Next thing I knew, I was being paw-printed, but I was a little nervous at the time
and moved my foot, smearing the ink so it had to be done over. By this time, my
official Marine Corps record had been opened and from then on I was expected to
conduct myself like a true leatherneck. No more "dopin' off" for me. Joining the
Marines had given me a new leash on life.



Be Kind To Animals Week • Thirty-eighth Annual Celebration



STARTING GUN — Massachusetts Governor Paul A. Dever is shown signing **BE KIND TO ANIMALS WEEK** proclamation in the presence of President Eric H. Hansen. The annual event, which was originated by the Massachusetts S.P.C.A. in 1914, took place this year during the week of May 4-10, and was observed by more than 600 humane societies throughout the nation.

We're Off!

Be Kind to Animals Week was given official recognition by Paul A. Dever, Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, when he issued a proclamation setting aside May 4, 1952, as Humane Sunday, and May 5-10, 1952, as BKTA Week.

Word Gets Around

As usual, we had wonderful backing from the newspapers, especially in Boston, and radio and TV stations. We certainly appreciate their helping us bring before the public the high points of BKTA Week. The importance of kindness was stressed on two TV shows: President Eric H. Hansen was interviewed on Bill Hahn's program, "Interviews," on WNAC-TV; and John C. Macfarlane's regular show, "Animal Fair," on WBZ-TV, featured Dr. Jean Holzworth, of the Hospital staff, as guest speaker.

Local radio broadcasts during the Week included "Animal Club of the Air," with Albert A. Pollard, Director of Humane Education, interviewing William A. Swallow, Secretary of the Society and Editor of *Our Dumb Animals*, over WMEX; a round-table discussion of the

Work Horse Relief Clinic between J. Robert Smith, Assistant to the President; Dr. Rudolph Schneider, of the Hospital staff; and Blake Pitcher, manager of the Clinic, over WHDH. Mr. Swallow was also interviewed on WBZ by Dick Tucker; and Herman N. Dean, Chief Prosecuting Officer, was the guest of Howard Nelson on "Boston Matinee" over WEEI.

Outside of metropolitan Boston, a number of radio stations gave us valuable free publicity. In Springfield, Mrs. Charlena B. Kibbe, Field Secretary of our branch there, was a guest on Dorothea King's "Hostess Service" over WSPR; and Charles Marsh, agent, was a guest on Mae Brown's program, "Just Between Us," over WMAS. These two Springfield stations, plus WLAW (Lawrence), WHYN (Holyoke), WBRK (Pittsfield), WTAG (Worcester), and WARA (Attleboro), also featured spot announcements daily reminding the public it was Be Kind to Animals Week. During the week the following agents were invited to speak over local stations: Charles E. Brown over WARA and WBNH (New Bedford); John T. Brown, interviewed by Ruth Putnam over WESX (Salem); Harold G. Andrews over

WOCB (West Yarmouth); Harry C. Smith, guest on "Julie and Johnnie" program over WTAG; and T. K. Haswell over WBRK.

Something New

Approximately 700 youngsters took part in the festivities, Thursday, May 8, at the War Memorial auditorium in Holyoke, Mass., which marked Rowley Day, one of the high points of Be Kind to Animals Week. This particular day, established some years ago by Prof. Burlingham Schurr, founder and curator of the Holyoke museum, had been called Rowley Day in honor of Dr. Francis H. Rowley, one of the founders of BKTA Week. Because both these men have died since last year's program, this year it was decided to honor both of them by re-naming the occasion Rowley-Schurr Day.

At this occasion, which climaxes the yearly activities at the Museum of Natural History and Art of the Holyoke Public Library, over fifty prizes were awarded to boys and girls who merited recognition for their interest in museum work and their year's achievement in various activities such as nature study and conservation.

Pep Talks

As is customary during the Week, "Humane Day" was observed by schools in Massachusetts and all over the country. Thousands of copies of a new leaflet, "Pets and Other Animals," were distributed to the nation's grammar school teachers to enable them to set up an effective program utilizing the natural fondness youngsters have for animals to teach them kindness toward all God's creatures. Mr. Pollard, Director of Humane Education, personally visited many schools to encourage these programs.

Open House

The two Societies jointly opened their doors and invited daily visitors to take a tour of the Hospital, listen to brief talks by members of the Humane Education Department, examine the woodland panorama in the auditorium, see the poster contest entries on display, and enjoy some of our sound and color movies. For those unable to come during the day, there was one night lecture and tour. Hundreds of adults, and three or four youth groups daily responded to our invitation, we are happy to report.

Down Yonder

Outside of Massachusetts there was much activity on the part of our field representatives. For example, W. F. H. Wentzel, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, writes that there were spot announcements on twenty-two radio stations, personal appearances on seven programs, and several TV spot announcements and appearances to make Pennsylvania conscious of BKTA Week.

A Colorful Finish

For thirty-three years, one of the most exciting parts of BKTA Week to our young friends has been our annual poster contest. This year there were 4,251 entries from pupils in 292 Massachusetts schools, plus some from Japan and Bermuda. The photo below shows some of the prize-winners received from Tokyo through the Japanese SPCA, of which Mrs. Douglas MacArthur was patron during her stay in the Orient with the General.

New pins were designed for this year's awards. Four hundred ninety-four first prizes (a sterling silver pin), four hundred seventy-eight second prizes (a bronze pin), and four hundred thirty-seven subscriptions to *Our Dumb Animals* were distributed.

After being judged, the posters were distributed to public schools and libraries, and to Boston stores for display. Once again William Filene's Sons and the Jordan Marsh Company graciously offered to exhibit some of the prize-winning posters in eye-catching window arrangements. The Societies are grateful for this opportunity to commend publicly the efforts of these young artists.

The Light Touch

One of the most interesting posters came from a second-grader, who sent a well-done water color of a little red shoe beside a crisp head of lettuce in a garden. Period. The following explanation in childish handwriting was attached:

"I wanted to do a Poster and send it on to you but I couldn't draw Peter Rabbit I could only draw his shoe."

Paul

Whew!

It's been a busy Week, but workers for a worthwhile cause can never relax. Help us keep the message of kindness to animals reverberating throughout the world every day of the year. Thank you—from all of us.



EVERYBODY GETS INTO THE ACT — While Albert A. Pollard, director of Humane Education, looks on, two young Americans of Japanese descent, Nancy and Elliot Horikoshi of Cambridge, admire posters entered by the children of Tokyo, Japan, in our 1952 Poster Contest.



Herman N. Dean, Chief Prosecuting Officer, giving instructions to Driver "Bud" Blackburn, who is about to make his first call in the new ambulance.

Our New Horse Ambulance and Drivers

THE Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has recently acquired a new, up-to-date, jeep-drawn trailer horse ambulance, which is designed to hold two horses comfortably. The jeep will serve a double purpose, as during the winter it will be equipped with a hydraulic snow plow, for clearing the Society's courtyard and sidewalks.

The old horse ambulance, which has served the Society well for many years, has been donated to Suffolk Downs, where it will undoubtedly render several more years of humane service, in transporting injured horses from the race track.

The picture below shows safety awards being presented by J. Robert Smith, Assistant to President Hansen, to three of the Society's ambulance drivers; R. Earle Mansur, covering Lawrence and vicinity, who received a cash award and pin for five consecutive years of safe

driving, totaling 90,000 miles; William N. Freeman, Jr., driver for Boston and vicinity, cash award and certificate, for one year of safe driving, 16,000 miles; and Louis Peaslee, covering Berkshire County, cash award and pin for five consecutive years of safe driving some 90,000 miles. The Society is justly proud of the good record of these drivers. At the extreme left Herman N. Dean, Chief Prosecuting Officer and head of the Ambulance Department, watches the presentation.



(Left to right): Herman N. Dean, Chief Prosecuting Officer, and J. Robert Smith, Assistant to President Hansen, presenting awards to drivers R. Earle Mansur, William N. Freeman, Jr., and Louis Peaslee.

Society and

New England Federation

AT the annual meeting of the New England Federation of Humane Societies, held recently at the Women's Educational and Industrial Union, Mr. J. Robert Smith, Assistant to the President of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., was elected President. Other officers elected were: First Vice-President, Dexter Mobbs, Connecticut; Second Vice-President, William A. MacCandless, Maine; Treasurer, Mrs. John R. Rathom, Rhode Island; Secretary, Miss Marie Spencer.

Speakers of the day included Mr. John C. Macfarlane, Director of the Livestock Loss Prevention Department of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A.; Dr. Eric H. Hansen, President of the Mass. S. P. C. A.; Carlton E. Buttrick, President of the Animal Rescue League; Mrs. James Coucher of Springfield, Vermont; and Mrs. Josephine Carr of Taunton.

Delegates from all parts of New England were present for the sessions.

THE annual report of the work of our Societies for the year 1951 is now ready. As a matter of economy, we are not sending a copy to each member as heretofore, but we shall be glad to send one to any member on request.

WE had prepared an editorial based on a report that six scout dogs, who had saved at least three allied patrols, would be destroyed when their usefulness was ended. However, before going to press, we have learned that the rumor was unfounded and that no dog would be killed unless it had contracted some incurable disease.

Service News

Dog Abused

Our Society was called to view a dog which had been given to a shelter to put to sleep, when it was found that a chain had cut into the dog's neck and the flesh had started to heal over the chain. The animal was put to sleep and the chain was cut from its neck.

The owner was interviewed by our agent and said he had the dog about two years, and as the animal would not stay in his yard, he had chained it up. He was asked why he allowed the chain to cut into the flesh on the dog's neck without giving him any care or treatment, and he said he never paid any attention to the animal. He was taken into court, where he was found guilty of subjecting an animal to unnecessary cruelty and given thirty days in the house of correction. However, he was placed on probation and sentence was suspended for six months.

OVER THE AIR

For those who like stories and facts about our animal friends, our Society sponsors two radio programs.

"Animal Club of the Air" is presented by Albert A. Pollard each Saturday, at 9:00 A.M., over WMEX — 1510 on your dial.

"Animal Fair" is presented by John C. Macfarlane each Friday at 6:00 P.M., over WBZ-TV, Channel 4 on your dial.

BE SURE TO LISTEN!



—Photo by Frank Adams

Young David Cherest of Dodgeville was lost in the woods behind his home a short time ago. While searchers beat through the underbrush looking for him, his pets, "Pal" and "Tuffy," were the ones who found him, pretty well exhausted, and called the searchers. Here William Lees of the Attleboro, Massachusetts S.P.C.A. and Small Animal Shelter, presents a certificate of merit to Pal and Tuffy.



—Photo by Patrick

Children who won prizes and honorable mentions in the Essay Contest. (Left to right, front row): Judith Perry, Martha Souza, Audrey Hilton, Jane Francis, Mildred Peters, Cynthia Towers. (Back row): Ruth A. Carreiro, Virginia Fields, Christopher Zore, Charles Haywood, (Richard Rowe, not a prize winner), Joseph Lena, Douglas Lai, Richard Roderick, Cyril Patrick, Patricia Ferreira, Charles Souza, Ronald Enos, Mary J. Perreira, Lewis Greenfelder, and Ruth Cabral.

Nautilus Club Animal Program

IT has been truly said, "Just as education without humanity is the most dangerous thing in the world, so education stressing kindness, justice and understanding is the greatest hope of the world."

To accomplish such a purpose: namely, how to develop emotional and spiritual qualities essential in the education of our children, has long been the plan and promise of humane leaders. These hopes and ideals are now becoming general enough and have meaning enough to have the support of more and more parents, teachers and social workers.

Thus it was on April 7, a large turnout of parents and friends were gathered together at the Provincetown High School auditorium to take part in the annual Susan Glaspell Memorial Essay Contest on Kindness to Animals, sponsored by the Nautilus Club. This event has gained in stature during the past four years.

Mrs. Elmer Greensfelder was chairman of the committee of the Nautilus Club, ably assisted by Mrs. George Corea, Mrs. Charles Hutchings, Mrs. Daniel C. Merrill and Mrs. Daniel Hiebert.

In conference with Mr. Charles F. Ross, Superintendent of Schools, plans were made well in advance for teachers

Note: Marie Perry, 1st prize winner, and three who won honorable mention, Isabel Duarte, Benjamin Pitman and John Avallone, are not in the picture.

to encourage and emphasize animal units in their classrooms.

Mrs. Daniel P. Foster, president of the Nautilus Club, greeted the children and assembled guests, and introduced Mr. Albert A. Pollard, Director of Education, who pointed out that animals are a part of every child's life, whether as pets, animals next door, or creatures in literature. "When we appreciate the mystery and beauty of nature," he said, "we shall gain a reverence for life and never hurt or neglect any animal."

The time came for the distribution of prizes, after showing an animal film. The winners were called and as they went to the platform, with their animal books as prizes, they were greeted by loud applause.

Mrs. Foster expressed the grateful thanks of the Club to the preliminary judges, Mrs. Charles Hutchings, Mrs. George Corea and Mrs. Elmer Greensfelder, and to the final judges, Mrs. Ross Rowland, Mrs. Daniel C. Merrill and Rev. Arthur O. Dewey and his wife for the many hours devoted to reading and appraising the great number of essays submitted to them. Mr. Dewey was so impressed with this program that on the following Sunday he used the story of one of the essays in his sermon, and planned his Sunday service around it.

CHILDREN'S PAGE



Sherry Helen Arell, 20 months old, and her pets, "Toby" the dog; "Blocky" the cat; also "Mr. Bunny." Blocky came from the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital when he was five weeks old. Sherry loves them all and always wants to feed them when she has her meals.

Mr. Squirrel Uses His Head

By Frances Lackey

ONE day recently I saw a squirrel striving to pick up from the ground a large restaurant-size pancake, evidently foraged from a nearby garbage pail. Several times he grasped it by the edge and started pulling it up the tree toward his nest, and each time the edge broke off. But the little fellow badly wanted that choice morsel for the family dinner, and he wasn't going to be licked. After a number of futile attempts at taking it up in the normal fashion, he started nibbling away at the center, and a moment later slipped his head through the hole he had eaten out. The next thing I saw was Mr. Squirrel scampering up to his nest with the pancake, worn like a cape, flopping heavily about him. Who dares to say that animals don't think?

"Wag"

By Maybelle Taylor

I have a puppy all my own,
A tiny one about half-grown;
He makes a touchdown with each bone.
Wiggety, waggety, wig, wag!

His nose is buttoned on so cute
Just like a button on a suit;
He's marked so every foot's a boot.
Wiggety, waggety, wig, wag!

Each time he thinks he'll get a meal,
He rounds the bend on one rear wheel
And does his tricks with all his zeal,
Wiggety, waggety, wig, wag!

I love this little fluffy ball
And he loves me, for when I call,
His tail just seems to wag him all.
Wiggety, waggety, wig, wag!

Have you an original, short story about your pet, with a good clear picture? If so, send it to Boys and Girls Editor, OUR DUMB ANIMALS, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass. Give age. We will use if possible.

Answer to June Puzzle: ACROSS — 1. Ha, 5. Diploma, 8. He, 9. Pea, 10. O. T., 11. Toe, 12. Melon, 13. On. DOWN — 1. Hippo, 2. Ape, 3. Ho, 4. Gate, 6. La, 7. Moon, 8. Ham, 11. To.



"Billy" the goat, and "Tinker" the dog, pets at the Society's Nevins Farm for Horses and Small Animal Shelter, at Methuen, visit with Earl Mansur, ambulance driver for that vicinity.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

What Happened to "Blackie's" Tail?

By Barbara Arguimban

BLACKIE" is our coal black horse, who until last week had a beautiful long tail which touched the ground. He is a rascally fellow who has a very bad habit of trying to throw his riders and yet in the barn he is like an angel, never kicking or biting and begging for oats and sugar. His stall is in the center of the barn with "Patches," the Calico mare, on the left, and "Gretchen," the calf, on the right.

Lately, when "Farmer George" had gone out in the morning, he had noticed that Blackie had been missing about half of his tail, until it hung jaggedly half way up his back.

It might have remained a mystery if Farmer George hadn't gone out one evening very late and found Gretchen, the calf, chewing away on Blackie's once beautiful tail!

Yes, Blackie was asleep standing up, with Gretchen munching away. That explained, too, why Gretchen had been coughing a lot lately.

Needles to say, Farmer George has put up some extra boards to keep Gretchen out of Blackie's pen and to let Blackie grow back his beautiful long tail.

"Oh! So You're 'Peter'"

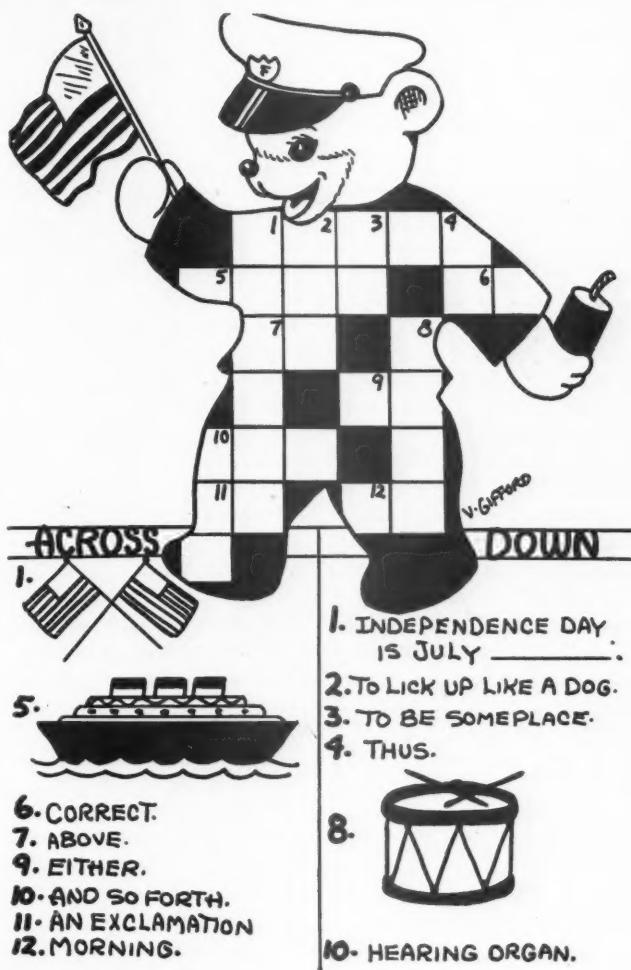
MRS. GLADYS WALKER found a tame bird in her garden in Stretton, England. She said, "Who are you?" Much to her surprise the bird said, "Peter Mitchell."

The bird, a talking budgereegah or zebra parakeet, finally was claimed by Mrs. Ada Mitchell. Now she is teaching it to say, "I live at Wyggeston Street, Burton-on-Trent."



"Come on in! 'Old Faithful' and I are having a wonderful time, and its perfectly safe, because my dog will not let anything happen to me."

July 1952



Answer to Puzzle Will Appear Next Month

Duck Boats

By Gail Elder James

A mother duck and her five little ducks
Set out for a ride on the lake one day:
They had no boat and they had no sails
So how could they go, you say.

Well, for Mama Duck and her five little ducks
It was simple as A B C
For they could sail on the lake by themselves—
That's the way God made them, you see.

"Skipper" on the Job

By Elizabeth Shafer

EVERYBODY in Canon City, Colorado, and everybody on the four daily passenger trains that stop at the Canon City depot, knows "Skipper." Part collie, part shepherd, Skipper has been meeting trains for eight of her fourteen years.

She started on the job when her owner, Mike Simpson, who died three years ago, began his job as mail messenger. Mike hauled mail from the post office to the depot, met the mail trains, supervised the loading and unloading of mail, and hauled incoming mail to the post office. He taught Skipper to ride in the truck with him. It didn't take Skipper long to decide that the job couldn't be done properly without her.

In fact, she took her job so seriously that she began to stay at the depot all the time, sleeping in the baggage room at night. On cold nights she sometimes stays in the office with the station agent until he locks up, then she returns to her bed in the heated baggage room.

Earl Hart, the present mail messenger, says that Skipper never misses a train. If a train is late, she becomes restless. But at the first distant sound of the train approaching, Skipper is alert and ready for business. All the trainmen know her, and nearly all of them take time to call to her or stop and pet her. Skipper is a friend of many of the regular passengers, too. And during those periods when she is not awaiting the arrival of a train, she visits families nearby.

The State penitentiary's cannery factory is located across the tracks from the station, and Skipper is a great favorite of the convicts who live and work there. The men do their own cooking and see to it that Skipper is well fed, often presenting her with enormous bones.

When a train pulls into the station,



The train is ready to pull out and Skipper, off duty, stops for a drink at the depot fountain.

Skipper goes to meet it, her pace these days somewhat slowed by advancing years. After greeting her friends among the trainmen, she follows Mr. Hart and the load of outgoing mail to the mail coach, watching anxiously to see that everything is proceeding according to schedule. She displays an amused but polite interest in the arrival of shipments of baby chicks, ducks, or other small animal life, but does not allow anything to distract her from her established routine.

Nowadays, while the mail is being loaded onto the truck, Skipper often takes things easy, wandering about the depot grounds, stopping for a drink at the fountain, or resting briefly on the grass. In the old days, Mr. Hart says, she remained by the mail bags every minute and no stranger could get near them. Even today she does not let the train, the mail, or Mr. Hart out of her sight for long. Only when the train has pulled out of the station and Mr. Hart has driven off to the post office does she return to the baggage room or to whatever other business she has been attending to before the train's arrival.

Both Mr. Hart and his wife knew Skipper before Mr. Hart became mail messenger, as Skipper's master lived next door to them. Several years ago, Mrs. Hart saved Skipper's life during an outbreak of dog poisoning in the Royal Gorge city. Looking out of the window,

Mrs. Hart noticed that Skipper was acting very strangely in her pen in the Simpson's back yard. The Harts called Mr. Simpson, who came home at once and took the dog to a veterinarian. If Skipper has been brought to him a few minutes later, the veterinarian declared, he would have been unable to save her.

Except for this near-tragic incident, Skipper has led an uneventful, if somewhat unusual, life. Through the years she has remained faithful to her self-appointed task. And few dogs can boast of as many or as varied friends as Canon City's popular Depot Dog.

Dr. Francis H. Rowley

1854-1952

By John Collier

*Ah, token that our Race does still advance!
Ah, far and sure, the silent speech of thee
Whose strong life filled nearly a century.
Whose world of emprise was the whole of man's
World, and the world of creature life, the world
Of sentient being. Ah, dark, dark this time
Of man on earth; cosmic, the human crime;
Yet not in death your hero's flag is furled;
It gleams on the eternal battle-slope
Where many millions on the whole round
earth
Wage the long war, whose victory shall be
birth
For beast and tree and man, of the long hope
For joy at last, for love that shall embrace
All sentient being in a one Human Race.*

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TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it. **FORM OF BEQUEST** follows:

I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of..... dollars (or, if other property, describe the property.)

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.

New Animal Calendar

YAnother first in gift calendars

ES, indeed, our Calendar of Animals for 1953, which will be ready for shipment next month, is even better than the one this year.

Real photographs in full color

Where, in our last calendar, we used oil paintings, our new calendar will be composed of actual color photographs of our animal friends, one for each month. Size — 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ — perfect for every use.

Christmas Greeting Card

As in the past, the cover of this calendar will be a beautiful and appealing greeting card, making the whole a combination gift and greeting which will remind its recipient of you every day and month of the year.

Calendar Prices

(Boxed in lots of ten calendars and ten envelopes)

Individuals or Companies

Ten cents each (minimum order, 10)
Sold only in lots of 10 @ \$1.00 per box
10% discount on orders of 1,000 and over.

IMPRINT COSTS

For an additional charge of \$2.50 for the first hundred calendars and \$.50 for each hundred thereafter, a two-line imprint, your name and address, or name and greeting, will be printed on each calendar.

No orders for imprints can be accepted after October 15 and none for less than 100 copies. Imprinted calendars will not be boxed.

Animal Protection Societies

(The following discounts allowed only to societies working in the interest of animal protection.)

10% discount on orders from 100 to 500
15% discount on orders from 500 to 1,000
20% discount on orders from 1,000 to 2,000
30% discount on orders from 2,000 and over

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